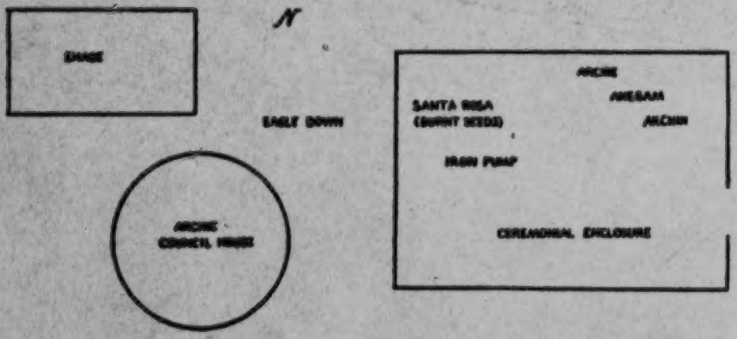
1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

796 X
539 X



forth. So I came here to tell you of this day of the prayer-stick festival.

Thus we ought to do every four years, and this you know. First we cut ten sticks and lay them down, so we will practice and work hard for those ten days. We do it for our land, and if we do not, everything will dry up. You know we make it rain, and the water falls, and we plant our corn. For that we have this great day.

When this day is over, I will go back to my home. There I will stay and listen for the great days. When a great day comes, you will come here and meet us. I, too, will come and will meet you, and we will work hard and will practice for ten days. For that I cut the ten sticks.

Other days we have that are good. We have the circling dance when we make liquor. We have the maiden's dance. These days we must always keep. We must keep to the old ways. The people must do right. They must do right always. Thus we shall have rain.(13)

After the speech all the men in the enclosure applauded by shouting at the top of their lungs and imitating animal cries.[201] For the latter curious custom informants had no explanation, but it might seem to have some reference to the proclaiming of a guardian spirit. Each village, in turn, now gave a rehearsal of all its eight songs, eagerly listened to by the others. The order was: Archie, Iron Pump, Anegam, Akchin, Santa Rosa.

796 X

At dawn, the ceremony began. The scene was the space between the Archie ceremonial house and the new enclosure, with its "fields" before it. In this space, a little northwest of center, had been placed the tuft of turkey feathers around which the singers circled. But, not only must they pass this tuft, reminiscent of the founding of the village, but they must pause before the

I: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

tation of battle, jumping forward and backward and brandishing shields and clubs belonging to the warriors. Any member of the audience might join them. When no dancers had been engaged, members of the audience, even women, volunteered to lead the dance. They were rewarded by the relatives of the enemy slayers, who put into their hands at the end of the dance a bit of manure indicating whether they were to receive a horse or a cow. In poor years the compensation might be only a basket.

The songs sung for the war dance are said to have been sung by Elder Brother on his campaign or when he had killed the monster eagle. Others might be dreamed and presented new on the occasion. Each song was sung four times. The dancers walked during the first two repetitions and leaped during the second two.

WAR DANCE SONGS

18. At the foot of the east I got drunk;
At the foot of the east I got drunk,
My younger brothers!
The white wind met me.
It will drive me mad.(27)

19. Yonder a man runs shouting, saying:
"Seclude [my family]," saying,
The enemy slayer is saying,
"Here long since has my shield been painted."(27)

20. Enemy slayer,
Your wife is running toward you.
Her hair is cut [in mourning];
Every morning she weeps.(27)

21. Prisoner children [the scalps],
I have adopted you.
Here all about me
Are standing eagle feathers.(27)

When someone is coming, a bear it is said, always holds his paw out straight, then rubs his body.

22. The little black bear!
'Tis on the edge of Crow Mountain he sits;
Toward the sun he is stretching out his paw.
"With that my heart I rub."(27)

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

CURING PROCEDURE

755 A family who wanted the shaman's presence sent a messenger to put a little corn meal in his hand. If they planned to pay for his [20] services with a horse or a cow, they might send a bit of manure as a symbol. The shaman arrived after dark and seated himself beside the sick man with the eagle feathers in his left hand and the rattle in his right. A new shaman would not sit near the patient, but at some distance, moving forward gradually during the night of singing.

His songs were not meant to cure the patient, but to induce in himself a trance state in which he could see the cause of disease. They referred to visions of his own, experienced in such a state. All who wished might gather to hear the shaman sing, but it was his object to make his songs unintelligible so that none might share their power. He used a special kind of voice production, known as [195] *kuátkua*, a hoarse croaking, which made the words of his song unintelligible. Often he did not sing the words at all but merely the tune. Each shaman had a different technique in this respect, to which he always held. One singer, heard of by the writer, sang the song through twice without words, then twice with words.(26) Another, at every other repetition, began in the middle of the song.(16) Another always interpolated one repetition with intelligible words.(20) The rattle was moved horizontally when there were no words, and vertically with words.

SONGS DREAMED BY A MODERN SHAMAN[a]

755 x 539

9. Do you see, my younger brother?
Now I sit down.
My gourd rattle I move in a circle;
Evening rushes out.
Yonder everywhere it sifts down.

Do you see, my younger brother?
Now I sit down.
My gourd rattle in a circle I move.
Morning rushes out.
Yonder everywhere it shines. (16)

[a] See Pima songs, Russell, pp. 502–3.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

as he could stand it. The daily discourses of his grandfather conditioned him, even before he could understand the words, to the same virtues required of adults: industry, peaceableness, modesly.

As an adult, he found little difficulty in coming up to the requirements of his society. Acquisitiveness and ambition need not burden him since all had about the same amount of property and prestige was discouraged. He could avoid the demands of war by becoming a shaman or a berdache. The feelings to be suppressed were: extreme ambition, desire for dominance, cruelty, curiosity. He might give a free rein to sex, (though there were a few restrictions for women) to play and to poetic imagination (phrased as the dreaming of songs.) Executives were not needed in a society which ran in such regular grooves, and it was the non-executives and artists who were at a premium.

Granted the form of understatement proper for Papago speech, he might indulge freely in various kinds of expression forbidden by modern society. He could say that he was afraid in battle and most warriors did say so. He could openly express grief and could weep in public. He could admit without shame that others were more intelligent than he. What he could not do was to show anger or stinginess, or jealousy, worst of all to admit that he did not love his relatives.

Almost everyone could live up to these conditions and few acknowledged failure by being driven to suicide or insanity. Two ancient cases of suicide were reported, both for typically Papago reasons: one, inability to bear opprobrium and one the fear of being a burden in old age.

No insanity is reported from former times except that of a shaman who "got too much power, ran around like a horse and died under a cactus." One case known now is being treated by the shaman with a crucifix. Several feeble minded and deformed children are to be seen at present though "we never had them before," and one wonders if the reason was that they were exposed in infancy.

The peaceable ideal was expressed in outward behavior by a constant, smiling calm. Much talking and loud laughter are, even now discouraged and a group of kin, reunited at a feast, take their pleasure by sitting together in smiling silence. When they do speak, it is in a low tone of voice made almost inaudible by the many whispered syllables of the language. Ceremonial speakers use the same tone and a shout is an anomaly even between cowboys in the open.

Facial expression varies between a good humored calm and a

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

smile. When one is angry, his face simply becomes expressionless. The writer has heard of Papagos who attacked one another in anger but in a fairly long experience has seen no demonstration of the emotion except for people to walk away muttering, or sit, head down in silence. Laughter is constant, but it expresses good nature rather than amusement. Humor being so tied to time and place as it is, the writer found difficulty in grasping Papago jokes, but she noted a large number which turned on tricks of pronunciation. Endless amusement was derived by ridiculing the dialect of another group and many of the Coyote stories would have been pointless were it not for the speech of Coyote himself who always talks tongue-tied. There were the usual number of obscene tales, told in any group and before any relative. And there was always huge enjoyment in applying a name to anyone, even such simple names as Broken Basket or He Fell in the River.

Public behavior is very restrained. People do not touch one another or show affection except to children. There are no small words of courtesy. Instead of greeting, one stands smiling at the door of a house, waiting to be invited in. As a farewell, one says: "I am going" and receives the permission: "Go then." "Thank you" and "forgive me," are considered futile substitutes for deeds which should show the speaker's attitude. In the rare cases when blame is voiced by a father or some qualified person, there is no positive word which can be used. He must say, "it is not good," or, "not like people," *i. e.*, not polite.

Praise also is rarely used. The individual, feeling himself a necessary part of the group, does not need the constant flattery which comforts the lonely fighter in a different form of society. Papagos are so unused to this version of politeness that the lightly spoken compliments of Whites disconcert them. They consider the speaker to be either grovelling or making an important communication.

But while avoiding the extremes of blame or praise, communication proceeds with great etiquette so as not to hurt any one's feelings. The writer, having asked the interpreter to make the proper approach to a new subject, was always impressed by the almost courtly care with which polite openings were sought and cautiously followed up. One may ascribe some of the courtliness to Spanish influence but a wholesale adoption of Spanish manners would involve flattery also.

Motions and thinking are in slow tempo. Much of this can be credited to the heat, but it is to be remembered that the Papago, like many Indians, have a slower heartbeat than Whites. Their calm

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

159 I took my little girl with me when we went to dance and sing for the River People. Every year or two we went, we three or four villages that were relatives.

Once we went to The Spring, and Begging for Yucca Fruit made the songs. Then we went to Sacaton and my father made them. The River People came to us, too, and we all went and camped at the village where they were to sing. They sang at Mesquite Root, my father's village, and he put into the singer's hands cow manure and horse manure. That meant he would give them a cow and a horse. Then we went to the Narrow Place and held a great harvest festival, and my husband was one of the singers. A good time we had, roaming over the land.

159 763 Once, when my husband and I were away working, word came that my father was sick. All the family came back to Mesquite Root, but the medicine man could not help him. We all began to cry, right then: "Haya, my father!" "Haya, my elder brother!" "Haya, my husband!" It is a sort of tune. We cried all night, but he died.

159 177 764 We did not bury him in a cave in the rocks as our people used to do. We had been up and down to Mexico, and had seen the priests and learned many things. We laid him down and dug a grave. We dressed him in clothes, a good shirt and trousers and sandals and a red headband around his hair. We gave him a blanket and pillow, too, for the grave. Because he was an Enemy Slayer his face was painted, black to the nose and white below. His younger brother did that, for he was an Enemy Slayer, too, and had the right.

All the men of our family dug the grave, and then carried him out and put him there. They put in his blanket and pillow, because we did not sleep on mats any more. And his leather pouch, they put in, and the sticks he had for games and his bow and arrows and his good quiver of wild cat skin. Then his brother spoke: "We put you here. Stay and don't come back to frighten us." My mother said: "Make yourself at home. Be happy. Don't come back to break up my good dreams." She was crying. Then we called him again. "Haya, my father!" "Haya, my elder brother!" "Haya, my husband!"

159 561 All the relatives called him. After that, we never said his name, José María. When we talked about him we said my father-gone, my elder brother-gone, my husband-gone. To hear the name would make us feel too bad. And nobody ever said that name to us because my brothers would get angry.

159 762 We divided his horses, and my sister and I each got two. My brothers and my mother got more. My brothers took the house down and moved

13:Davis E-5 (1920) 1920 NU28 Papago NU28

returned to their respective booths, while the people crowded in and the priests sprinkled meal, blessed all those in the booths, and the fiesta was finished, except the grand debauch.

The singers left the booths, and the old woman picked up the basket containing the sacred relic, balanced it on her head, and later laid it on the roof of a ramada, near the house where the tizwin was deposited. The ceremonial articles were tied up in a large bundle, carried to the same place, and deposited near by. Here they were under constant observation, and were perfectly safe. The second day later they were to be placed in their secret cave and sealed.

The night following the ceremony was given over entirely to unrestricted drinking, indulged in by the entire male population. A peculiar custom is that some of the young men, still able to walk, went around to every Indian house and touched every man on the shoulder with a stick of saguaro wood—a summons to go to the tizwin house and get drunk. This could not be disregarded. The summons was